

The Saturday News

Vol. IV

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1909

No. 6

NOTE AND COMMENT

Mr. Arthur Stringer, the distinguished young Canadian novelist and poet, has done genuine public service in exposing some of "the Canada fakirs," who in the magazines and newspapers have been misrepresenting this country for the sake of making good stories. Mr. Stringer's original article, which appeared in Canada West, has received attention all over the continent. One of the worst offenders, Mr. Lawrence Mott, whose liberties with Canadian geography and the general conditions of Canadian life have been referred to from time to time on this page comes back at Mr. Stringer in this month's Canada West, in a letter in which he humbly asserts an acquaintance of many years' standing with the country to the north of the 49th parallel. If this is the case, his short stories are the less excusable. Readers of the Saturday News will remember his Mounted Police hero who started out one day from Hazelton and arrived the next at Spirit River, some seven or eight hundred miles distant, with the Rockies intervening. They will also remember the band of desperadoes which infested the quiet little Peace River settlement which was the policeman's destination. If Mr. Mott and others of his school wish to imitate Bret Harte, well and good, but we must strenuously object to their giving the impression that in the Canadian West the conditions prevalent in California in its most lawless days are being duplicated. It is our pride that law and order follow settlement wherever it proceeds on Canadian territory and we must most respectfully ask Mr. Mott and other purveyors of lurid fiction to make use of some other part of the globe in placing the events described in their thrillers. We do not want to be picturesque in the eyes of the popular magazine reader at the expense of truth. Mr. Arthur Chapman, whose clever verses in the Denver Republican have been frequently copied by the Saturday News, has a story to tell in a recent contribution to that paper the spirit of which applies to Alberta quite as much as it does to Colorado. It is earnestly commended to Mr. Mott. It is entitled "The Novelist in Cactus Centre" and runs:

"We was visited in Cactus by a class featured gent
Who said he was a writer and informed us he was a poet,
(In security) local color for a novel of real life
Where the picturesque cowpuncher wins the schoolma'am for a wife.
So we took him to the Bar X, where we told the writer 'yep'
That he'd find real Western color ever ready and on tap.
And the foreman, Six Gun Roberts, made him slave the living day fixin' irrigatin' ditches and a-fidin' stock with hay.
He hustled wood for fires till his arms was most broke off,
And he hollered at the milch cows till he nearly got a cough,
And when he says, 'Beg Pardon—but trot out your western biz',
Old Six Gun says, 'Keep workin'—this is all the West there is.'"

"For it's time to teach you writers," goes on Six Gun, speakin' stern, "That the name of Western fiction is must due to take a turn; There ain't no hullabalooin' allus gun' on out here 'Cause the bad men up and vanished when we lost the old frontier.
'So,' said Six Gun, 'jest keep workin' and a-workin' nail and tooth Till you're sure that when you're writin' you can tell the world the truth.'
But that night the writer vanished, and the Bar X was forsok,
And we're wonderin' in Cactus if he'll ever write his book."

The debate on the speech from the throne has occupied the attention of the Legislature during the week. But few of the members have any oratorical pretensions. Two of the exceptions, Mr. John T. Moore of Red Deer and Mr. A. S. Rosenroll of Wetaskiwin, had the honor of mov-

ing and seconding the address in reply. Their glowing eloquence always stands out in contrast to the more prosaic pronouncements of their fellow-legislators. The first representative body in the history of the Province has done good work but it has been its deeds not its words that have counted. The aspirants for honors in a debating society, where the standards are somewhat different from those by which the electors in a matter-of-fact province like Alberta judge public servants, would find the legislature a poor school of instruction. But as we said, Messrs. Moore and Rosenroll are exceptions and as, on Monday last, they described the progress that Alberta was making and

the far-reaching activity of those in charge of its affairs, the rafters resounded in quite orthodox fashion to their fervid periods.

Mr. Robertson, of the Opposition is to be styled the leader or not is doubtful, in view of certain declarations which he himself has made in recent years. At any rate he set the ball rolling for the small but select company that sits to the left of the Speaker. Mr. Robertson's efforts may be taken as made purely for the form of the thing. It is certain that he does not speak for the Conservative party and it is hardly fair to those who hold to that side of politics to make them responsible for what he

says. The fact is that the Conservative party, so far as Provincial politics is concerned, has been out of business for over three years.

The government's intention to announce a railway policy during the present session has aroused much interest. One would think that the leader of an Opposition would wait till the details of such a policy were made public before he expressed his own opinion as to what the government should do. Not so Mr. Robertson. He told the House right off the bat that we should have not only government ownership but government operation of railways in the Province. Is this the policy of the Conservative party? We know

it isn't. Isn't it rather ridiculous, then, for Mr. Robertson to get up in his place in the House and delude some people into thinking that it is?

The Premier, in his contribution to the debate, made it clear that whatever the government's railway policy proved to be it would not be that laid down by Mr. Robertson. On three matters of great importance to the agricultural interests, Mr. Rutherford seized the occasion to make announcements. The hail insurance ordinance, which had been inherited from the old territorial regime, had involved a deficit of \$30,000 last year and would have to be amended. As to the pork packing project, which had been investigated

Last Week's Gathering of the Farmers of Alberta

Photo by Burgess, Strathcona



AT THE OPENING PROCEEDINGS

Photo by Byron-May Co. Edmonton



THE FARMERS PARADE TO THE OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE

On the platform may be seen Mayor Lee, Mr. Joshua Fletcher, Ellerslie, the last president of the old Alberta Farmers' Association, Premier Rutherford and Mr. Thos. Woodford, Cardston, the A.F.A. Vice-president. The amalgamation of the two old societies took place on the day of the opening of the legislature and the united bodies marched to the government buildings, the presence of so large and fine-looking a body of men being the distinctive feature of this year's ceremonies. The above shows the farmers just after they left the Mechanics' Hall, where the convention was held. In the front are Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Woodford, Mr. James Baxter of Red Deer, the first president of the united body, and Mr. Rice Sheppard of Strathcona, the vice-president.

by a committee during the year, that body has recommended a co-operative plan. If, said the Premier, the farmers did what was asked of them under that plan, the government would be bound to go ahead. As to the internal elevator proposal, in regard to which he had been in consultation with the Premiers of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, it involved an expenditure of several million dollars and would have to be gone into very carefully.

The Saturday News is convinced that the government would be acting wisely in giving close heed to the requests of the farmers in connection with the former project. They are being made by moderate men, who have given the problems involved the closest study. The investigation conducted by the special committee, of which Mr. A. G. Harrison, secretary of the Edmonton Board of Trade, was the chairman, was most thorough, and if its report is favorable to the scheme elaborated by the Farmers' Association, the government should undoubtedly take it up. The amount that would have to be expended is not a large one and there is every reason to believe that it would have the effect of putting the hog raising industry, which most Alberta farmers look upon as at the basis of their prosperity, on a more satisfactory basis. On the other hand the elevator project would involve the province in a vast expense, while grain-growing, pure and simple, does not occupy the place in Alberta that it does in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. It is evident that with the opening up of trade to the west that is now imminent, we are likely to have less of a community of interests with the provinces to the east and at least till we see what form and volume this development is to reach, the Alberta government should delay in committing itself to any such project as that which the three premiers have been conferring about.

The Ottawa Free Press seizes the occasion of the recent local option vote in Ontario to give the hotel men some timely advice, which they would do well to heed in all parts of the Dominion:

"When will the license holders," says the Free Press, "especially the keepers of hotels in villages and small towns throughout the province, tumble to the fact that they themselves are largely responsible for the success of the Local Option movement?"

"While technically complying with the law, a large number of these places are nothing but licensed grogeries. The bar-room is considered the one essential, and the providing of accommodation for the travelling public is regarded merely as an incident. The bar is often the resort of loungers and drunkards night after night, and a most pronounced influence for bad in the community."

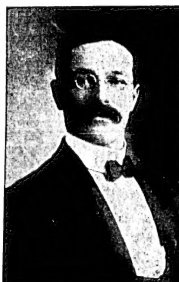
"Instead of using their money so profusely in fighting the Local Option sentiment, we fancy it would pay the Association of License Holders to start a campaign in suppression of the hotels which are bringing the whole business into ill-repute and providing their opponents with material for the abolition of the whole traffic."

Soloists in Handel's Oratorio "Messiah"

Tuesday and Wednesday, January 26th and 27th, in the First Presbyterian Church



MISS ETHEL WEBSTER, A.T.C.M.
(Late of Europe)
Soprano



W. J. HENDRA
Solo Medallist A.M.F.
Tenor



MISS CONSTANCE BUCK
Gold Medallist A.M.F.
Contralto



THOS. H. E. MAGEE
(Late of Glasgow) Gold Medallist A.M.F.
Bass

In connection with what we had to say on this page two weeks ago in regard to the glories of our winter climate, it is decidedly interesting to commorose the following in the last issue to arrive of "Canada," the journal published in London, and devoted to making the Dominion and its advantages better known to the British public.

"We, who have enjoyed the delights of a Canadian winter," says Canada, "and are filled with regret that we must spend the season in the muggy temperature of London (not Ontario, good friend), yearn for the bright, dry cold that characterizes the climate of Canada in the winter months. Just as the Anglo-Indian, who spends a summer holiday in England finds the heat harder to bear than the heat in India, so the Canadian who spends the winter in England finds it far more trying than the cold of Canada. In both cases the difference is to be found in the humidity of the atmosphere. Winter in England, with its fogs and changeable atmosphere, is notoriously trying to those accustomed to

Continued on page 4

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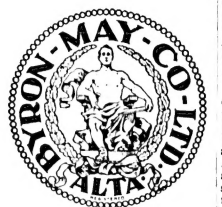
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 23



THE SOUTH IS GOING DRY.

Lay the just about the julep in the
campfire balls at last.
For the miracle has happened and
the olden days are past;
That which makes Milwaukee thirsty
does not foam in Tennessee.
And the lot in old Missouri is as
tight locked as can be.
Oh, the comical, "Colonel" and
his cronies all may sigh,
For the mint is waving gaily, but
the South is going dry.
By the stillside on the hillside in
Kentucky all is still,
For the only damp refreshment must
be dipped up from the rill;
Noth' Ca'lian's stately ruler gives
his cranium a shove,
And discusses Leon Option with the
South Ca'lian Gov.
It is useless at the fountain to be
winkful of the eye,
For the cocktail glass is dusty and
the South is going dry.

It is water, water, everywhere; but
not a drop to drink.
We no longer hear the music of the
mellow crystal clink
When the Colonel and the Major and
the Gen'ral and the Judge,
Meet it have a little nip to give
their aquiline an edge,
For the cognac now is negless and
the rye has gone awry,
And the punch bowl holds carnations
and the South is going dry.

All the nightcaps now have tassels,
and are worn upon the head;
Not the nightcaps that were taken
when nobody went to bed;
And the breast above the blue grass
is as solemn as is death,
For it bears no pungent clove-tang
on its odoriferous breath.
And each man can walk a chalk-line
when the stars are in the sky,
For the fizz glass now is fizzless, and
the South is going dry.

Lay the just about the julep 'neath
the chestnut tree at last.
For there's but one kind of moon-
shine and the olden days are past;
For the water-wagon rumbles
through the South land on its trip,
And it helps no one to drop off to
pick up the driver's whip,
For the mint bed makes a pasture
and the corkscrew length high.
All is still along the stillside and the
South is going dry.

Editorial writing very frequently
deals with subjects that most people
aren't interested in, while another
thing which makes the average
reader overlook that part of the
paper is the ponderous style that the
writers affect. Neither of these ob-
jections apply to the following which
I think well worth while copying in
full from the editorial page of the
New York Sun.

"It seems a fit time to take notice
of a significant yet unregarded
phenomenon in the field of art—the
passing of the song 'Everybody Works
But Father.' Most music hall songs
are an unconscious time-keeping
device. As New York wears of them they
are just beginning to receive con-
sideration in Chicago and Seattle;
months later they die in the rich
sky that overarches the rural dis-
tricts. But the song under consid-
eration, having passed beyond the
three sophisticated centres just
named, went out like a candle in a
tempest and let it be said that an
inquiry for the reason is a profitable
essay in criticism.

"Popular songs, no matter how
homely the words, or how bizarre
the incidents selected for treatment,
usually follow the classical models
in their choice of themes. 'Little
Annie Rooney,' a ditty which some
of us are old enough to recall, is
founded upon a phase of that love
which produced 'Maud,' 'La Vita

Nuova' and 'Annabel Lee.' 'Mc-
Ginty' is worthy of even closer
scrutiny, shot through with the
mystery of the mighty deep:

"Down went McGinty to the bottom
of the sea,
We haven't seen him yet, and we
think he must be wet."

"How poignantly suggestive, how
restrained! It is like the close of the
Gothic legend: 'And since that day
the Fanninmuck has been seen no
more by the dwellers near the
Venumburg.' But greater per-
haps even than this is that matchless
lyric 'The Cat Came Back.' That
Fate which overshadows Greek
tragedy works here: here cling the
bells of the Polish Jew; here sits the
Ghost of Hamano at the board of the
guilty Thane of Cawdor.

"The cat came back; we thought
it was a goner,
But the cat came back the very next
day."

But we make bold to declare that
"Everybody Works But Father" is
not art. There is nothing in it and
shiftless old man that could ever
inspire a line of real poetry in the
looker-on. The man who having
such a parent could say anything
has no music in his soul. He is not
worthy to share the raptures of
Annie Rooney's Joe, to go down
with McGinty in the sudden ravi-
ness of heroic resolve, even to have
his unworthy legs rubbed by the
faithful cat who through so many
vicissitudes returned ever and anon
to the scene of her former adven-
tures with undiminished interest in
that which a day might bring forth.
An unworthy lyric has found a just
oblivion."

President Roosevelt is evidently
keen on playing to the gallery to
the last. The other day he rode 98
miles in seventeen hours and ten
minutes, using four horses, just to
show army officers that the physical
tests which he recently had pre-
scribed for them are not too severe.
Incidentally when he reached the
half-way point he shook hands with
upwards of a thousand people and
was photographed by several hun-
dred camera artists.

"The President," ran the despatch,
"left the White House before day-
light this morning and it was sev-
eral hours after dark when he re-
turned. It was an ideal day for his
purpose—that is, it was ideal accord-
ing to the standard which Mr. Roose-
velt has established for his outdoor
stunts in the vicinity of Washing-
ton, these stunts being performed
under the greatest stress of wind
and weather.

"To-day it first rained, then
hailed, then snowed, and finally
rained again, the rain freezing as it
fell. In some respects the weather
was worse than it was on that mis-
erable February afternoon when Mr.
Roosevelt took Prince Henry of
Prussia and members of the royal
suite on a ride through Rock Creek
Park and put much money in the
pockets of Berlin's military tailors."
What a change there will be when
fat, good-natured Taft steps into the
presidential office. Many a man
will heave a sigh of relief.

And now we are told that the
president didn't do such a wonderful
thing after all. There are at any
rate, plenty of people out on the
prairies who think so. A Van-
couver man, Mr. G. S. McConnell,
made this declaration when he heard
of Mr. Roosevelt's ride.

"I wouldn't be averse to taking
on Teddy Roosevelt myself. I'm
not much of a fancy rider, but I've
done my share of long-distance
stunts, and for \$10,000, I'd race the
President from Vancouver to
Mexico."

During the Northwest rebellion
of 1865, Mr. McConnell, who was
at that time attached to the trans-
port service under General Middle-
ton, rode a distance of 160 miles in
26 hours, making use of only two
horses, and was complimented by
Colonel Montgomery for making
one of the most famous rides during
the rebellion.

"I was sent from McIntosh, Sas-
katchewan, to Humboldt," said Mr.
McConnell, "to overtake a man who
was going to the front with sup-
plies. It is eighty miles from one
town to the other, and it was neces-
sary for me to make the round trip
in the quickest possible time. I
stopped my cayuse every twenty
miles and rested in a short while.
When I got to Humboldt I was
delayed about an hour. I was pro-
vided with a fresh horse, and rode
back on this animal all the way, cov-
ering the whole distance in 26 hours.
"And I must have made fifty such
rides during the rebellion," con-
cluded Mr. McConnell.

Now let's hear from some others.
The spirit which is making Alberta
what it is never stops at a slight
obstacle. As an instance, take the
following from the Camrose Cana-
dian:

"An interesting report of a 'Scotch
marriage' comes to us from Dorine-
near New Norway, the contracting
parties being Mr. Ole Krevik and
Miss Laura Murfit. The guests were
assembled for the wedding on New
Year's eve, but the minister did not
appear. But the young couple were
not to be foiled, and so the Scottish
custom of marriage before witnesses
was brought into play and three
days later the finishing touches were
added in accordance with Canadian
custom."

Mrs. Lee Caskey has the thanks of
the editor and better seven-eighths
for a lump of nice soup, and she sure
knows how to make it. Hazel Green
Herald.

"After they had kissed each other,
and each had duly admired the
other's new hat, Amy said:
"So Dollie is married?"
"So I've heard," returned Fanny.
"Nice girl, isn't she?" ventured
Amy.

"Oh, very," returned Fanny.
"I wouldn't say a word against
her for the world."

"Neither would I. How do you
suppose she ever got him?"
"I'm sure I don't know; do you?"
"No; I would give anything to
know."

"So would I. It certainly wasn't
her good looks."

"Oh, no!"
"Nor her cleverness."

"The idea is absurd."
"I can't understand it at all.
They say that he had to be dragged
to the church."

"I shouldn't wonder. Dollie
wouldn't be everybody's fancy."

"Rather not. Still, I am glad she
has caught someone. She is a dear
girl and it would be cruel to say
anything against her."

"Indeed it would. I wouldn't do
it for the world."

"Archibald," called the wife of
the special writer, in excited tones.
"Don't bother me, Lucy," shouted
her husband from his den.

"Archibald," she persisted.
"Please keep quiet. Didn't I tell
you not to bother me when I was
busy?"

"But I must dear. The children
have taken those six bottles of gold
point you bought for the gas fixtures
and smeared it on the walls from
garret to cellar." "That so, Lucy?
Well, I won't let that worry you. I'll
just call it an inspiration and use it
in an article entitled 'How Children
Brighten Up The House.'"

One of the Lounger's readers
writes: "The Heaven's sake put
this rattling skeleton on your Indian
list and send a marked copy to the
Toronto Saturday Night."

London, the author, was
introduced one day to a musician.

"I too, am a musician in a small
way," London said. "My musical
talent was once the means of saving
my life."

"How was that?" the musician
asked.

There was a great flood in our
town in my boyhood," responded
London. "When the water struck
our house my father got on a bed
and floated with the stream until he
was rescued."

"And you?" said the musician.
"Well," said London, "I accom-
panied him on the piano."

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an ap-
plication will be made to the Legis-
lature of the Province of Alberta at
the present session thereof, for an
act to incorporate the Alberta
South-Western Railway Company
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maintain a line of railway of a gauge
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publication, Howard Street, at all Edmonton
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 23



THE SOUTH IS GOING DRY.

Lay the jest about the julep in the
cannon balls at last
For the miracle has happened and
the olden days are past;
That which makes Milwaukee thirsty
does not foam in Tennessee.
And the lid in old Missouri is as
tight locked as can be—
Oh, the comic paper, "Colonel" and
his cronies all may sigh,
For the mint is waving gaily, but
the South is going dry.
By the hillside on the hillside in
Kentucky all is still,
For the only damp refreshment must
be dipped up from the fill;
No'th Ca'lian's stately ruler gives
his soda glass a shove,
And discusses Local Option with the
South Ca'lia Gov.
It is useless at the fountain to be
winkful of the eye,
For the cocktail glass is dusty and the
South is going dry.
It is water, water, everywhere; but
not a drop to drink.
We no longer hear the music of the
mellow crystal clink,
When the Colonel and the Major and
the Gen'l and the Judge,
Meet to have a little nip to give
their appetite an edge,
For the cognac now is nogless and
the eye has gone awry,
And the punch bowl holds carnations
and the South is going dry.

All the nightcaps now have tassels,
and are worn upon the head;
Not the nightcaps that were taken
when nobody went to bed;
And the breeze above the blue grass
is as solemn as is death,
For it dars no pungent, clove-clang
on Mr. Roosevelt's rattle.
And each man can walk a chalk-line
when the stars are in the sky,
For the fizz glass now is fizzless, and
the South is going dry.
Lay the jest about the julep 'neath
the chestnut tree at last,
For there's but one kind of moon-
shine and the olden days are past,
For the water-sugar rumblers
through the South land on its trip,
And it helps no one to drop off to
pick up the driver's whip,
For the mint bed makes a pasture
and the corkerew laugheth high,
All is still along the stillside and the
South is going dry.

Editorial writing very frequently
deals with subjects that most people
aren't interested in, while another
thing which makes the average
reader overlook that part of the
paper is the ponderous style that the
writers affect. Neither of these ob-
jections apply to the following which
I think well worth while copying in
full from the editorial page of the
New York Sun:

"It seems a fine time to take notice
of a significant yet unregarded hap-
pening in the field of art—the pass-
ing of the song 'Everybody Works
But Father' from the hands of the
composer. Most music hall songs
are an unconscionable time-slaying.
As New York wearies of them they
are just beginning to receive con-
sideration in Chicago and Seattle;
months later they die in the rich
sky that overarches the rural dis-
tricts. But the song under consid-
eration, having passed beyond the
three sophisticated centres just
named, went out like a candle in a
tempest and lo! it was not. An
inquiry for the reason is a profitable
essay in criticism.
"Popular songs, no matter how
homely the words or how bizarre
the incidents selected for treatment,
usually follow the classical models
in their choice of themes. 'Little
Annie Rooney, a ditty which some
of us are old enough to recall, is
founded upon a phase of that love
which produced 'Maud,' 'La Vita

Nuova' and 'Annabel Lee.' 'Mc-
Ginty' is worthy of even closer
scrutiny, shot through with the
mystery of the mighty deep:

"Down went McGinty to the bottom
of the sea;
We haven't seen him vet, and we
think he must be vet."

"How poignantly suggestive, how
restrained! It is like the close of the
German legend: 'And since that day
the Tannhauser has been seen no
more by the dwellers near the
Venusberg.' But greater per-
haps even than this is that matchless
lyric 'The Cat Came Back.' That
Fate which overshadows Greek
tragedy works here; here clings the
hell of the Polish Jew; here sits the
Ghost of Banquo at the board of the
guilty Thane of Cawdor.

"The cat came back; we thought
it was a conger,
But the cat came back the very next
day."

But we make bold to declare that
'Everybody Works But Father' is
not art. There is nothing in a sordid
and shiftless old man that could ev-
er inspire a line of real poetry in the
looker-on. The man who having
such a parent could sing about him
has no music in his soul. He is not
worthy to share the raptures of
Annie Rooney's Joe, to go down
with McGinty in the sudden rash-
ness of heroic resolve, even to have
his unworthy long and rubbied by the
faithful cat who through so many
vicissitudes returned ever and anon
to the scene of her former adventu-
res with undiminished interest in
that which a day might bring forth.
An unworthy lyric has found a just
oblivion."

President Roosevelt is evidently
keen on playing to the gallery to
the last. The other day he rode 98
miles in seventeen hours and ten
minutes, using four horses, just to
show army officers, that the physical
tests which he recently had pre-
pared for them are not too severe.
Incidentally when he reached the
half-way post he shook hands with
upwards of a thousand people and
was photographed by several hun-
dred camera artists.

"The President," ran the despatch,
"left the White House before day-
light this morning and it was sev-
eral hours after dark when he re-
turned. It was an ideal day for his
purpose—that is, it was ideal accord-
ing to the standard which Mr. Roose-
velt has established for his outdoor
stunts in the vicinity of Washing-
ton, these generally being performed
under the greatest stress of wind
and weather.
"To-day it first rained, then
hailed, then snowed, and finally
rained again, the rain freezing as it
fell. In some respects the weather
was worse than the rain that on this
miserable February afternoon when Mr.
Roosevelt took Prince Henry of
Prussia and members of the royal
suite on a ride through Rock Creek
Park and put much money in the
pockets of Berlin's military tailors."
What a change there will be when
fat, good-natured Taft steps into the
presidential office. Many a man
will heave a sigh of relief.

And now we are told that the
president didn't do such a wonderful
thing after all. There are at any
rate, plenty of people out on the
prairies who think so. A Van-
couver man, Mr. G. S. McConnell,
made this declaration when he heard
of Mr. Roosevelt's ride:
"I wouldn't be averse to taking
on Teddy Roosevelt myself. I'm
not much of a fancy rider, but I've
done a number of long-distance
stunts, and for \$10,000 aside I'd race
the President from Vancouver to
Mexico."

During the Northwest rebellion
of 1855, Mr. McConnell, who was
at that time attached to the trans-
port service under General Middle-
ton, rode a distance of 160 miles in
26 hours, making use of only two
horses, and was complimented by
Colonel Montzambert for making
one of the most famous rides during
the rebellion.
"I was sent from McIntosh, Sas-
katchewan, to Humboldt," said Mr.
McConnell, "to overtake a man who
was going to the front with sup-
plies. It is eighty miles from one
town to the other, and it was neces-
sary for me to make the round trip
to the quickest possible point. I
stopped my cayuse every twenty
miles and rested a short while.
When I got to Humboldt I was
delayed about an hour. I was pro-
vided with a fresh horse, and rode
back on this animal all the way, cov-
ering the whole distance in 26 hours.
"And I must have made fifty such
rides during the rebellion,"
concluded Mr. McConnell.
Now let's hear from some others.

The spirit which is making Alberta
what it never seems at a slight
obstacle. As an instance, take the
following from the Camrose Cana-
dian:

"An interesting report of a 'Scotch
marriage' comes to us from Dorlinee
near New Norway, the contracting
parties being Mr. Ole Kravik and
Miss Laura Murfit. The guests were
assembled for the wedding on New
Year's eve, but the minister did not
appear. But the young couple were
not to be foiled, and so the Scottish
custom of marriage before witnesses
was brought into play and three
days later the finishing touches were
added in accordance with Canadian
custom."

Mrs. Lee Caskey has the thanks of
the editor for seven-eighths of a
pumpkin of nice sauce, and she sure
knows how to make it. —Hazel Green
Herald.

"After they had kissed each other,
and each had duly admired the
other's new hat, Amy said:
"So Dottie is married?"
"Yes, indeed," returned Fanny.
"Nice girl, isn't she?" ventured
Amy.

"Oh, very!" returned Fanny.
"I wouldn't say a word against
her for the world."
"Neither would I. How do you
suppose she ever got him?"
"I'm sure I don't know; do you?"
"No! I would give anything to
know."

"So would I. It certainly wasn't
her good looks."
"Oh no."
"Nor her cleverness."
"The idea is absurd."
"I can't understand it at all.
They say that he had to be dragged
to the church."
"I shouldn't wonder. Dottie
wouldn't be everybody's fancy."
"Rather not. Still, I am glad she
has caught someone. She is a dear
girl and it would be cruel to say
anything against her."
Indeed it would. I wouldn't do
it for the world."

"Archibald," called the wife of
the special writer, in excited tones.
"Don't bother me, Lucy," shouted
her husband from his den.
"Archibald," she persisted.
"Please keep quiet. Didn't I tell
you not to bother me when I was
busy?"
"But I must dear. The children
have taken those six bottles of gold
paint you bought for the gas fixtures
and smeared it on the walls from
garret to cellar." "That so, Lucy?
Well, don't let that worry you. I'll
just call it an inspiration and use it
in an article entitled 'How Children
Brighten Up The House.'"

One of the Lounger's readers
writes: "For Heaven's sake put
this rattling skeleton on your Indian
list and send a marked copy to the
Toronto Saturday Night:

"Jack London, the author, was
introduced one day to a musician.
"I too am a musician in a small
way," London said. "My musical
talent was once the means of saving
my life."
"How was that?" the musician
asked.

"There was a great flood in our
town in my boyhood," responded
London. "When the water struck
our house my father got on a bed
and floated with the stream until he
was rescued.
And you," said the musician.
"Well," said London, "I accom-
panied him on the piano."

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an ap-
plication will be made to the Legis-
lature of the Province of Alberta at
the present session thereof, for an
act to incorporate the Alberta
South-Western Railway Company
with power to construct, operate and
maintain a line of railway of a gauge
of 4 feet, 8-1/2 inches (with all con-
venient branches, whether under or
over 6 miles in length) from a point
on the line of the Grand Trunk
Pacific branch line between Calgary
and Lethbridge, such point being in
a north-westerly direction from
Macleod, thence to or near Macleod
and westward from a point to or near
Macleod to or in the vicinity of
Pincher Creek all in the Province of
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THE GRAY MASTER

Charles G. D. Roberts in Chicago Record-Herald

(Continued from last week.)

It was all so instantaneous, that before Kane could take his rifle up they were gone. Startled and furious, he fired at random three times into the cover. Then he steadied himself, remembering that the number of cartridges in his chamber was not unlimited. Seeing to it that his axe and knife were both loose, for instant action, he stopped and replenished his rifle. Then he hurried on as fast as he could without betraying haste.

As he went, he was soon vividly conscious that the wolves—not the Gray Master alone, but the whole pack also—were keeping pace with him through the soundless dark beyond the rim of the spruces. But not a hint of their grim companionship could he see or hear. He felt it, merely, in the creeping of his skin, the elemental stirring of the hair at the back of his neck. From moment to moment he expected the swift attack, the battle for his life. But he was keyed up to it. It was not fear that made his nerves tingle, but the tense, trembling excitement of the situation. Even against those strange, hidden forces of the forest, his spirit felt sure of victory. He felt as if his rifle would lead him and speak almost of itself, unerringly, at the first instance of attack, even before the adversary broke into view.

But through all the drawn-out length of those last three miles his hidden adversaries gave no sign, save that once a dead branch, concealed under the snow, snapped sharply. His rifle! His rifle! His rifle! He shouldered before the sound reached his ear. But nothing came of it. Then a panic-mad rabbit, stretched straight out in flight, darted across the fast-melting brightness of his path.

But nothing followed. And at last, after what seemed to him years, he came, on a sudden, to a pasture over-looking Burnt Brook settlement. Here he ran on a little way; and then, because the strain had been great, he sat down suddenly on a convenient stump, and burst into a peal of laughter, which must have puzzled the wolves beyond measure.

After this, though well aware that the Gray Master's inexplicable forbearance had saved him a battle which, for all his confidence, might quite conceivably have gone against him, Kane's interest in the mysterious beast was uncompromisingly hostile. He was bitter, on account of the dog. He felt that the great wolf had put a dishonor upon him. And for a few days he was no longer the impartial student of natural history, but the keen, primitive hunter with the blood on his hands. Then this mood passed, or rather underwent a change. He decided that the Gray Master was indeed too individual a beast to be snuffed out; but at the same time, far too dangerous to be left at liberty.

And now all the thought and effort that could be spared from his daily duties at the Grove House were bent to the problem of capturing the great wolf alive. He would be doing a service to the whole Quah-Davie Valley. And he would have the pleasure of presenting the splendid captive to his college town, at that time greatly interested in the beginnings of a zoological garden which its citizens were striving to inaugurate. It thrilled his fancy to imagine a tin placed on the front of a cage in the little park, bearing the inscription, "Canis lupus acer, entitled, Eastern North America. Presented by Arthur Kane, Esq."

After a few weeks of assiduous trapping Kane felt bound to acknowledge that his modest ambition to capture the Gray Master alive seemed remote from fulfillment. Every kind of trap he could think of, that would take a beast alive, he tried in every kind of way. And having run the whole insidious gamut, he would turn patiently to see, if all over again. Of course, the result was inevitable; for no beast, not even such a one as the Gray Master, is a match, in the long run, for a man that is in earnest. It was blazed upon his startled eyes, when, at the same time uncovering and making mock of Kane's traps, the great wolf put his foot into another, a powerful bear trap, which a cunning old trapper had hidden nearly without trace by a stout chain, and rage, strain, fear as he might the Gray Master found himself snared. In his silent fury he would probably have gnawed off his own leg, for the sake of freedom; but before he came to that Kane arrived and occupied his attention fully.

Kane's disappointment at finding the splendid prize in another trap than his own was but momentary. He knew his successful rival would readily admit his claims, for the consideration. But he was puzzled as to what should be done for help, for ropes, straps, and a muzzle with which he was afraid to trust the beast in the absence of his trapper might arrive and shoot the captive, for the sake

of the pelt and the bounty. In his uncertainty, he waited, hoping that the trapper might come soon; and by way of practice for the serious enterprise that would come later, as well as to divert the prisoner's mind a little from his painful predicament Kane began trying to lasso him with a coil of heavy cord which he carried.

His efforts in this direction were not altogether successful; but the still fury that they aroused in the great wolf's breast, doubtless obscured the mordant anguish in his foot. One terrific leap at his enemy, resulting in an ignominious overthrow as the chain stopped him in mid-air, had convinced the subtle beast of the vanity of such tactics. Crouching back, he eyed his adversary in silence, with eyes whose hatred seemed to exclaim: But whenever the running nose at the end of the cord came coiling swiftly at his head, with one lightning snuff of his long teeth he could sever it as with a knife. By the time Kane had grown tired of this diversion the cord was so full of knots that no nose would any longer run.

But at this moment the old trapper came slouching up on his snowshoes, a twinkle of elation in his shriveled, frosty blue eyes.

"I reckon you'll show the varmint now as how he ain't no 'loup garou'!" he remarked, lightly swinging his axe.

But Kane hastily intervened. "Please don't kill him, Dave!" he begged. "I want him bad! What'll you take for him?"

"Just as he stands?" demanded the old trapper, with a chuckle.

"Ain't a dog deliver the goods to yer door, ye know."

"No," laughed Kane. "Just as he stands, right here!"

"Well, axin' as it's you, I don't want no more'n what his pelt'd fetch, an' the bounty on his nose," answered the trapper.

All right," said Kane. "You will have a bit, will you, and keep him amused so he won't gnaw his paw off; and I'll run back to the crossroads and get some rope and things, and I'll be back in half an hour. Just deliver the goods to me, will you?"

When he got back with rope, straps, a big mastiff muzzle, and a toboggan he found Dave in a very bad humor, and calling the wretched, silent, crouching beast hard names. In his efforts to amuse himself by stirring that imperturbable and sinister quiet to action, he had come just within the range of the Gray Master's spring. Swift as that spring was, that of the alert backwoodsman was just swift enough to shade it in part. Dave's own hand, he had escaped; but his heavy jacket of homespun had the back ripped clean out of it.

But now, for all his matchless strength, courage and craft, the Gray Master's fame was played out. The fickle fate of the wild had pronounced against him. He could not parry two flying nooses at once. And presently, having been choked for a few moments into unconsciousness, he awoke to find himself bound so that he could not move a leg, and his mighty jaws imprisoned in a strange cage of straps and steel. He was then tied into the toboggan, and being dragged swiftly through the forest—free of forest of which he had so long felt himself master—at the heels of his two conquerors.

His only poor consolation was that the hideous, crunching thing had been removed from his bleeding paw, which, however, anguished cruelly for the soothing of his tongue. During the strenuous and dangerous weeks while Kane was jailer to his dreaded captive, his respect for the grim beast's timeless spirit, by no means diminished; but he had no shadow of misgivings as to the future which he destined his victim. He felt that in sending the incomparable wolf to the gardens, where he would be well cared for, and he at the same time an educational influence, he was doing both just and kind. It was with feelings of unmixed delight that he received the formal expression of gratitude from the zoological society for his valued and in some respects unique donation.

It was about a year and a half later that Kane had time to revisit the city of his alma mater. As soon as possible he hurried to inspect the little gardens—which had already marched so far toward success as to be fairly styled "The Zoo." There were two or three paddocks of deer, of different North American species; for the society was inclined to speculate on the wild kinds of native origin. There were moose, caribou, a couple of bears, racoons, porcupines, two splendid pumas, a rather tame lion and a toothless tiger, and the Gray Master, solitary in his cage.

A sure instinct led Kane straight to that cage, which immediately adjoined the big double cage of the lion. As he approached, he caught sight of a tall gray shape pacing, pacing, pacing, to and fro behind the bars with a sort of measured restlessness that spoke an immeasurable monotony.

When he reached the front of the cage, Kane saw that the great wolf's

eyes were noting nothing of what was about him, but dim with some far-off vision. As he marked the look in them, and thought of what they must be remembering and aching for, his heart began to smite him. He felt his first pang of self-reproach for having done to this ignominious exile and imprisonment this splendid creature, which had deserved, at least, to die free. As he mused over the matter, angrily, the Gray Master suddenly paused, and his thin nostrils wrinkled. Perhaps there still clung about Kane's clothes some scent of the spruce woods, some pungent breath of the cedar swamps. He turned, and looked Kane straight in the eyes.

There was unmistakable recognition in that deep stare. There was also, to Kane's sensitive imagination, a timeless hate and an unspeakable but dauntless despair. Convinced in his own mind of a gross and merciless misunderstanding of his wild kindred, whom he professed to know so well, he glanced up, and saw the patient placid staring down at him exactly as he had anticipated: "Canis lupus accidentalis, Eastern North America. Presented by Arthur Kane, Esq."

The sight sickened him. He had a foolish impulse to tear it down, and to abuse himself with a plea for pardon before the silent beast behind the bars. But when he looked again the Gray Master had turned away, and was once more, with withdrawn, far-off vision in his eyes, pacing, pacing, to and fro. Kane felt overpowered by the intolerable weariness of it, as if it had been going on just like that ever since he had pronounced this doom on his vanquished and almost as if it would go on like that forever. In vain by coaxing word, by sharp, sudden whistle, by imitations of owl, loon, and deer calls which brought all the boys in the place admiringly about him, did he strive to catch again the attention of his captive. But not once more, after what seemed a never-ending second, would the Gray Master turn his eyes. And presently, angry and self-reproachful, Kane turned on his heel and went home, pursued by the enthusiasm of the small boys.

After this Kane went nearly every day to the little zoo; but never again did he win the smallest hint of notice from the Gray Master. And even that tireless pacing smote him with bitterest self-reproach. Half unconsciously, he made it a sort of game to go to the Gray Master's cage, and to watch him pace, until at last he found himself indulging in sentimental, idiotic notions of trying to ransom the prisoner. Realizing that any such attempt would make him a supremely ridiculous, and that such a dangerous and powerful creature could not be set free anywhere, he consoled himself with the reflection that never again would he take captive any more of the freedom-loving, timeless kindred of the wilderness. He would kill them, and have them skinned, or leave them alone.

One morning, thinking to break the spell of that eternal, hopeless pacing by catching the Gray Master with his net, he went up to the gardens very early, before any of the usual visitors had arrived. He found that the animals had already been fed. The cages were being cleaned. He congratulated himself on his opportune arrival; for this would give him a new insight into the ways of the beasts with their keepers.

The head keeper as it chanced, was a man of long experience with wild animals in one of the chief zoological parks of the country. Long familiar with the Gray Master, and that most dangerous and contempt, And he had lost his position through that fault-forgivable in an animal keeper, the habit of being too exact. The inexperienced authorities of this little zoo had been able to obtain his services at a comparatively moderate wage, and were consequently themselves on the possession of a treasure.

On this particular morning Biddell was not by any means himself. He was cleaning the cage of the two pumas, and making at the same time desperate efforts to keep his faculties clear and avoid betraying his condition. The two big cats seemed to observe nothing peculiar in his manner, and obeyed him sulkily as usual; but Kane noticed that the great wolf, though pacing up and down the cage, had given him a look, and his eyes on the man in the next cage, instead of on his own secret visions. Biddell had driven the two pumas through the door leading from the open cage to the room that he kept them for a den, and closed the door on them. Then, having finished his duties there, he unfastened the strong door between this cage and that of the Gray Master, and stepped through, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Biddell was armed, of course, with a long pronged fork; but he carried it carelessly as he went about his work, as if he had long since taught the somniferous wolf to keep at a distance. But to-day the wolf acted curiously. He backed away in silence, as usual; but eyed the man fixedly with a look that, as it seemed to Kane, showed anything rather than fear. The stiff hair rose slightly along his neck and massive shoulders. Kane could not help congratulating himself that he was not in the keeper's place. But he felt sure that everything was all right, as Biddell was supposed to know his business.

When Biddell came to the place where the wolf was standing, the latter made way reluctantly, still backing, and staring with that sinister fixity which Kane found so impressive. He wondered if Biddell noticed. He was just on the point of speaking to him about it, through the bars, when he chanced to glance aside to the cage of pumas. Biddell, in his foggy state of mind, had forgotten to close the inner door connecting the two rooms in the rear. The pumas had quietly passed through, and emerged again into their cage by the farther entrance. Catching sight of the door into the wolf's cage standing ajar, they had crept up to it; and now, with one great noiseless paw, the leader of the two was softly pushing it open.

Kane gave an inarticulate yell of warning. No words were needed to translate that warning to the keeper, who was absorbed completely as he flashed round and saw what was happening. With a sharp command he rushed to drive the pumas back and close the gate. But one was already through; and the other blocked the way.

At this tense instant, while Kane glanced swiftly aside to see if any help was needed, the Gray Master launched himself across the cage. Kane could not see distinctly, so swiftly did it happen, whether the man or the intruder puma was the object of that mad rush. But in the next second the man was down on his face, while the silent wolf and the screeching puma looked in a death grapple on top of him.

Horried, and yelling for help, Kane tore at the bars; but there was no way of getting in, the door being jammed. He saw that the wolf had secured a hold on the puma's throat, but that the great cat's claws were doing deadly work. Then the second puma pounced with a screech, on the Gray Master's back, bearing him down.

At this moment Biddell rolled out from under the raving, writhing heap, and staggered to his feet, bleeding, but apparently uninjured. With his fork and his booted foot he threw himself upon the combatants furiously to separate them. After what seemed to Kane an age he succeeded in forcing off his second puma, and driving it through the gate, which he shut. Then he returned to the fight.

But he had little more to do now; for the fight was over. Though no wolf is supposed to be a fair match for a puma, the Gray Master, with his enormous strength and subtle craft, might perhaps have held his own against this first antagonist alone. But against the two he was powerless. The puma, hully torn, now crouched snarling on his unresisting body. Biddell forced [the victor off, and drove him into a corner, where he lay lashing his sides with heavy twitching tail.

The keeper was sober enough now. One long look at the great wolf's body satisfied him that all was over. He turned, and saw Kane's white face pressed against the bars. With a short laugh he shook himself, to make sure he was all sound, then studied the body of the Gray Master gently, with his foot. Yet there was respect, not disrespect, in the gesture.

"I wouldn't have had that happen for a thousand dollars, Mr. Kane!" said he, in a voice of keen regret. "That was a great beast, an' we'll never get another wolf to match him."

Kane was on the point of saying that it would not have happened, but for certain circumstances that he was unable to specify for him to specify. He realized, however, that he was glad it had happened, glad the long pacing, pacing, pacing, had an end; glad the load of his self-reproach was lifted off. So he said something quite different.

"Well, Biddell, he's free! And maybe, when all is said, that was just what he was after."

Then he turned and strode hurriedly away, more content that he had felt for days.

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PERSONALIA

A man who played a leading part in the stormy scenes that followed the introduction of the anti-separate school legislation by the Greenway Government in Manitoba in the early nineties, died recently in the person of Senator Bernier. At the National Congress held at St. Boniface in 1890 he delivered a speech which will be long remembered which is said to have combined the "vigour of the dialectician with the fire of an apostle." Mr. Bernier also contributed to the press extensively on the subject, and even visited Quebec several times to make public addresses. He became temporary president of the national congress upon the death of Senator Girard, and as such led in signing the petition asking the governor-in-council to hear the grievances of the Catholics of Manitoba, and to remedy them by a Federal law. He, moreover, soon had an opportunity to express his views from a more eminent stage. The death of Hon. Mr. Girard, having created a vacancy in the senate, Mr. Tache thought that the Catholic cause would best be served by the appointment of Mr. Bernier to succeed him; and upon his recommendation the Federal government acted. During the debates on the school question in the senate he delivered several carefully prepared speeches.

Old Yukoners and many others will be keenly interested in the news of the death of Alexander Macdonald, "the Klondike King," which occurred suddenly on Bonanza Creek on Jan 6th. Mr. Macdonald acquired great wealth in the early days of the gold rush. Some three years ago he paid an extended visit to Edmonton and acquired a considerable interest in coal lands near the city.

Those who heard Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton of Cleveland speak at a luncheon of the Edmonton Canadian Club a year or so ago are not likely to forget his name or his personality. He has just accepted the pastorate of the Madison Avenue church in New York.

"The stipend of the new charge, if I remember," writes a correspondent, "was given as \$12,000 per year, but those who infer from this, princely salary a luxurious pastorate, with rounds of opera and good dining, and its most arduous task, next to digestion, the humoring of the whims of the rich, are gravely misled. This large and influential

church is evidently in a very run-down condition. The number of daily news was an early intimation of that fact, and pamphlets circulated through the pews confirmed it. According to these it would seem that the continued existence of the church had been in doubt, and that it has been maintained only through the generous contributions of a few—a very few—of its members. Dr. Eaton, in his sermons, moreover, stated that he was taking up the burden without illusions or undue elation. He is confident, however, and hopeful of building up a strong militant church in accordance with very definite ideals. He did not unfold these ideals with particular definiteness, which was perhaps wise, in view of the complex character of the new field and a necessarily imperfect knowledge of the conditions that confront his ministry."

Hon. John S. Hall, K.C., city solicitor of Calgary, who died last week after many years of struggle with ill-health, was a man of considerable prominence in Quebec political circles, under one of the Conservative premiers, who held office after the Mercier government was turned out. Mr. Hall was provincial treasurer and established an excellent reputation in the past. His predecessor in the portfolio was Mr. A. W. Morris, who also, strange to say, came to Alberta some years ago in search of health, spending a considerable period in Edmonton. Previous to resuming the practice of his profession in Calgary, Mr. Hall acted for a time as the editor of the Herald.

The sudden death on New Year's day in Edmonton of Mr. William Wille called attention anew to his remarkable career. A few months ago he came down from the north, where he had spent no less than forty-two years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, without paying a single visit to civilization. In 1862 he shipped direct from his home in Scotland to Hudson's Bay. Even such railroads as were then in existence he had never seen and his first view of a locomotive came late in 1868 when he reached Edmonton from Port Chipewyan. The automobile, the telephone and even the telegraph were similarly matters of great wonder to him. His life gives the writer of romance a great opportunity.

Mr. V. C. James, manager of the Merchant's Bank at Medicine Hat, formerly of Wetaskiwin, has retired to take up business as a stock-broker in Vancouver. His successor is Mr. H. S. Craig of Olds. On leaving Olds Mr. Craig was presented with an appreciative address and a hand-

some travelling case by the business men of the town.

The First Baptist church of Edmonton has extended an unanimous call to Rev. F. W. Patterson, of Calgary, to succeed Rev. A. M. McDonald, who recently accepted a call to the Fort Rouge church, of Winnipeg.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



Two interviews in recent New York papers serve to indicate that Canada is liable to feel the effect pretty strongly of the recent curtailment of the racing game in the country to the south.

In reviewing the season of 1908, W. P. Fraser, secretary of the Ontario Jockey Club, told a New York reporter that the Canadian racing associations enjoyed greater success than ever before. "The curtailment of racing in the United States," says Fraser, "has doubtless directed increased attention from America to Canada, but as there will be no reason to believe that there will be a wholesale invasion of the Dominion racetracks. All of the Canadian tracks will increase the value of their stakes and pursue this year, which means that the quality of the racing will improve."

"The interest in breeding is on the increase, for high class stallions and brood mares have been brought into Canada and have been distributed from St. John, N.B., to distant British Columbia, while the Canadian Breeding Bureau, with headquarters in Montreal, will redouble its efforts in future. In due time some of the greatest races in the world will be run on Canadian soil."

"Some of those persons who are trying to shut up all the tracks in America," said Jockey Radtke, on his return from Europe, "should see the way the sport is patronized by royalty on the other side of the Atlantic and the Pacific. In England, Germany, France, Italy, Russia and

Austria racing is encouraged by the government, while the same thing goes on in Australia. But in America, a free country, racing is up against a tough game. The New York tracks are at present in jeopardy. Chicago is closed tight. So is New Orleans, Memphis, Hot Springs, Kansas City and other Western tracks. There will be no more racing in Seattle, and now the reformers say they are going to kill the game in California and Texas."

"That's all very fine, but can they close the pool-rooms all over the United States, which can do business on the races in Canada all next season? You can't stop the betting on horse-races, no matter how many tracks you close, any more than you can prevent betting on other sporting events. At all of the European tracks betting is regulated by the Government authorities, and there is no trouble."

This is a new role the Dominion is going to fill.

How thin the line becomes between amateur and professional sport, even in cricket, which has been kept on a better basis than most other games, is illustrated by a recent despatch from Australia, where preparations were being made for the visit by an Australian team to England next summer. It reads in part:

"The board have decided to take all the Australian share of the profits of the tour, and after deducting 5 per cent of the first \$30,000 and 12 1/2 per cent of the remainder, to divide the surplus among the members of the team. The decision has been received with general dissatisfaction in Australia, and under such conditions many of the leading players 'down under' have refused to take part, amongst them being Noble and Hill. Cabling from Melbourne Reuter says: 'The decision has been received with dissatisfaction there. Noble and Hill emphatically state that they will not accompany the team under the proposed conditions, while 'Mid-On', writing in the Age, characterizes the action of the board as unjustifiable, and declares it to be a breach of understanding which will not be tolerated by representative cricketers or the public. The Argus declares that the action of the board of control is neither moderate nor fair, and adds: 'The board take no risks, and demand a substantial share in the proceeds. Should unpleasant consequences follow, the board, not the players, will be to blame.'"

Noble and Hill won't go to England because there isn't enough money in prospect. Isn't it a pretence then to rank them as amateurs?

The test matches between England and Australia will be as follows: May 27, At Birmingham; June 14, at Lords; July 1, at Leeds; July 26, at Manchester; August 9, at the Oval. If necessary to determine the rubber the match at the Oval will be played to a finish, although it is not to extend beyond Saturday, August 14.

The following written by "By-stander" in the Montreal Herald will be read with a great deal of interest by those who have been giving attention to the subject of professionalism and amateur hockey.

"Things are looking gloomy for the Ontario professional league, according to the latest reports. Like the boomerang, the trouble they were instrumental in creating in Pittsburgh, is returning on their own devoted heads. Players who were enticed from West Pennsylvania to play professional are being attracted back again and now it is the Ontario league that looks tottery. "Worse than that even, it is said, that the clubs are trying to steal players from each other. There isn't very much like properly organized professional sport."

"According to a Toronto report the whole difficulty is laid at the door of the Toronto professional club."

"Herlin says that Toronto 'stole' Kerr, who was under contract to the Dutchmen. "St. Catharines got three players to jump Pittsburgh contracts, but first crack out of the box they tried a hold-up, and refused to play. In the meantime, after they found they were on a punk team, they wired to Pittsburgh offering to return and did so."

Manager Irving of Galt, has suspended Mercer, his goalkeeper, and will bring up a motion at the meeting of the executive to have him expelled from the league for life. Mercer endeavored to work a holey up game, but failed to connect. Regarding the other absentee, Murphy, his case will come under consideration at the same meeting. Brantford endeavored to buy him, and, failing that, approached the player with inducements that tempted him to break his contract. "Yet these are the people among whom future Stanley Cup challengers are to be recruited."

The Stanley Cup aspirants, or at least "all that was left of them," were given a hearty welcome back to Edmonton on Wednesday morning, being met at the station and escorted through the streets with the band. Most of the citizens believe that some serious mistakes were made in connection with the policy of the club, but they are all free to acknowledge that the real

Edmontonians who returned on Wednesday morning are the best of sports and deserve congratulations on the gallant efforts which they made to bring the championship west. Their victory at Winnipeg in winning the Fitz-Reform Cup was a triumph over which we may well become enthusiastic. To the members of the club executive, who have worked hard and given freely of their time and money in the enterprise, great credit is due for the energy and perseverance which they have shown.

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NEVER AGAIN.
I wish the kettle would sing again
Just as it used to do—
I wish it would sing of a lion slain—
Of a pirate crew on the Spanish Main—
Of a clipper ship on the sea-way high,
With a cabin boy and the Boy was I—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again
Just as it used to do.
Of a little girl in a bonnet red,
Saved by a prince from a hydra-head
That lurked in the corn that towered high,
And the girl was She and the Prince was I—
Just as it used to be.

I wish it would sing of war's alarms,
The booming of cannon and clash of arms,
Of a blue clad boy where the strife ran high,
With face to the steel and willing to die—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again
Just as it used to do.
The lyrics it crooned and the tales it told,
But the hearth is chill and the years are old,
The fancies it whispered have all taken wing,
And never again the kettle will sing
Quite as it used to do.

—John D. Wells.

Those of you who about this time last month were put up against the question:—"Mother, (or Father) is there a Santa Claus?" will appreciate the following. The letter was sent to the New York Sun and so important a question did the editor consider it that it appeared at the head of the editorial column, with its wise, wise answer from the delightful leader writer.

"Dear Editor—I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?"

Virginia O'Hanon.
"115 West Ninety-fifth street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be done which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no joy, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but there is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives for ever! A thousand years from now, Virginia, may ten thousand times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Alas! and indeed, well may we say how dreary would be this world and there were no Santa Claus, how infinitely dreary and there were no Virginias, no Bogey Man's, no fairies! Think of it! nothing but dead, dull and uninteresting facts, doctor's bills, tears, heartaches.

Children, and those other children—the old folks—walk, says one of my prophets, in a vain show—it is only the prematurely wise and middle-aged who keep to prosaic paths.

I have been walking a bit of late myself with a wee boy named David in the neighborhood of Kensington Gardens. You can learn a great deal from David. I think, however, the greatest thing of all is that you can invariably discover what you start out to seek. David, being a very small boy was mostly interested in finding fairies, and "seeing into" everyday matter-of-fact happenings, the most marvellous manifestations and adventures. But then again you can carry his discovery into quite other fields. You know, for instance, that if you are looking for trouble, you can always find it. You know that behind the darkest cloud, if you will but seek it, is a silver lining. You look for beauty in this world for love, faith and loyalty, and behold they lie all about you. It is quite the same with fairies and Santa and all such other adorable and interesting folk.

Take, for instance, the case of the Bogey Man. Now you perhaps have never up till this time believed in him, because a good deal of obscurity enshrouded his operations. But then that doesn't argue his nonexistence. Did you honestly ever seriously, as your child does, start out to find him? Did you ever discuss the proper method of dealing with him, whether perhaps it were better to hide your head under the bedclothes until you went to sleep, or to buckle my shoe, in a voice loud enough to reach the ears of the objectionable personage, but not quite sufficiently carrying to be heard by the grown-ups downstairs, or a course of caution, as if unaware of his existence, in case "he might be there."

It was a small girl who explained what it is that keeps you awake just for a little while after you've been tucked in bed you might have thought of it yourself.

"The dear little, queer little noise that you hear
When you lie down to sleep in the twilight, my dear,
Is the quaint little, faint little step of a dream
As she creeps to your bed on a silver moonbeam.
The Gray little, fay little shadow you see
When first you look up in the morning to me
Is the sweet little, fleet little dream on her way
To her home in the clouds for the rest of the day."

Then take the case of that unfortunate affair of the apple and the Garden of Eden, which is something that has been puzzling big people for a long, long time. There didn't seem to us to be any very good reason why Adam should have sinned merely because an old wriggly snake put his wife up to it. But a small boy's explanation that he guesses it all happened because Adam had no mother to tell him what was right makes everything clear at once. Why did nobody ever think of it before? It ought to be made a criminal offence to have no mother. A baby smiles in its sleep, and we wiseacres sigh and exclaim: "Poor wee one, she never seems to get over that wind on her tummy!" while a little child near by will look about him searchingly and a trifle mystically and say, "the angels kiss her in her sleep."

Half then I believe in fairies, half in ghosts and things which I have never seen—wholeheartedly and always in Santa Claus. For I have learned in life that much which seems to be, is not. May it not be—and in this day of strange and awful discoveries why should it surprise us?—that the unreal if it ever all the positive—the very actual.

He told it to a number of us at a dinner party quite recently and I am telling it to you as he delivered it. The incident might properly be headed: "How I use the word 'habit'" and it came about on board a Pullman pulling into an American terminus.

It appears that she and her small children occupied the state room, and that she had given him, the colored porter, strict orders to call them in time to be decently ready when they arrived at the terminus aforesaid.

The scene shifts. You are to imagine that the train is already slowing down when a frail female, half child, rushes from the state room referred to and the following conversation between the unfortunate porter and herself takes place.

"Oh, you wretched man, just see how it is! Here we are not half dressed, no bags packed, nothing ready."

"No excuse, my dear, I certainly told you."

"Yes, but—"

"Now, my dear, I won't hear another word—"
"Wait a minute, precious, your mother's coming," to child in state room.
While some one noted that he of the dusky hue vanished in the direction of the smoking room with a broad grin, stretching across his good-natured chocolate ice-cream countenance.

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and con-
— A Stander-By

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison returned the latter part of last week from their honeymoon, and have taken up their residence on Eighth street in the house formerly occupied by the Carlses.

Mr. and Mrs. Bredin came down from Lesser Slave Lake on Monday, and are on pension at the Misses Porters' on Seventh street for the session.

Miss Cornelia Hughes is entertaining at a "Kaffeeklatche" (coffee gossip) in Mrs. Charles Fisher's and Miss Powell's honor, on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. M. J. McLeod is entertaining at the tea hour this (Friday) afternoon.

Miss Cuthbert of Fort Saskatchewan, who was the guest of Mrs. Sydney B. Woods for last week-end, spent the early part of this week with Mrs. St. George Jellett.

Mr. J. B. Mercer and Mrs. Evans were very quietly married at All Saints' Church on Wednesday morning at six-thirty, leaving by the C.P.R. for a honeymoon trip to Spokane. Only the immediate family and one or two intimate friends were present, all of whom later drove over to the Mercer residence where a wedding breakfast was served.

The bride was quietly but fashionably gowned in a smoke-colored

(Continued on page 8)

Croup In Children

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WARM FOOTWEAR

Is an absolute necessity during a winter such as this and we have prepared accordingly. We can fit you with dressy, comfortable footwear to your satisfaction at any time.

Men's
Women's
and
Children's

Felt
Foot
Wear

Sizes
and
Prices
to suit
Everyone

We handle a very large range of fine and heavy footwear, also lined Shoes, Overshoes, Rubbers, Moccasins, Felt and Moccasin House Slippers. Our stock enables you to choose almost any style you wish.

W. Johnstone Walker & Co.

267 Jasper Avenue East

The Store that Sells for the Lowest Prices

PLENTY OF CUT FLOWERS

Carnations . . . \$1.00 to \$1.50 per doz.
Roman Hyacinths50c per doz.
White Narcissus75c per doz.
Roses, (scarce) \$2.00 to \$3.00 per doz.
Violets, (scarce)35c per doz.

We will not have any Lettuce until next month

Ramsay's Greenhouse

Corner 11th and Victoria Avenue Phone 1202

CARNIVAL

Under the auspices of the
Willing Workers of
ALL SAINTS CHURCH

At the
Thistle Rink
Friday, Jan. 29
At 8 p.m.

Grand March, May Pole
and other attractions.

Prizes

will be given for the following
Best lady skater, Best gent. skater
.. costume, .. costume
Ladies' Best Comic Costume
Gentlemen's Best Comic Costume
Best Girl's Costume, under 16
Best Boy's Costume, under 12
Best Boy's Costume, under 12

Tea, Coffee and Candy
FOR SALE

Admission 25c. Children 15c.

JUST ARRIVED FROM CHINA

A dainty assortment
of Rattan Furniture,
Tables, Chairs, etc.,
in pleasing designs.

ALL AT THE
RIGHT PRICES

A visit to the store
to look over our
stock will send you
away more than
pleased.

Oriental Trading COMPANY

Opp. Acme Co., Jasper Ave.

Millinery Opportunities

For the past two weeks all our artistic energies
have been devoted to the creation of some very
stylish models in all the advanced styles of the
season. Some of these, in fact a greatly number
to select from, have been reduced to tempting
figures.

Also many choice feathers and flowers at pur-
chasing prices.

We have also some Hair Cloth Coats very
materially reduced in price to clear even below cost
figures.

THE TORONTO MILLINERY STORE
123 JASPER AVE.
Next door to Hudson Bay Store
MRS. FERRIER

Richardson's Orchestra

For Dances, etc.
Phones 3008 and 2033

Home and Society.

(Continued from page 7)

tailor-made with a smart satin pic-
ture but in the same tones, trimmed
with American Beauty roses. Mr.
and Mrs. Mercer expect to return to
town in about ten days.

Dr. Whitaker returned on Monday
from a seven weeks visit to his old
home in London, Ont., and several
of the eastern cities.

Mrs. C. W. Fisher has taken every
Wednesday as her reception day dur-
ing the season.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice is entertaining
at a small tea on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Lister was the hostess of a
jolly small skating party on Sat-
urday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Oliver's tea for
young people on Wednesday a week
ago gave them all the opportunity
of welcoming among them again Mrs.
J. J. Anders who has come to
spend a couple of months or so with
her parents, Hon. Frank and Mrs.
Oliver. This was a particularly
smart function, and the various
rooms were sweet with the fragrance
of myriads of lovely pink roses and
carnations. Mrs. Alan Aylesworth
and Mrs. J. G. Foster poured tea and
coffee and the Misses Claire and
Anna Oliver. The former radiant in
lightful red, and the latter sweet and
dainty in white were assisted in
handing dainty tributes to their many
bright young friends by Miss Kath-
leen Egan, Miss Hilda Wurtzle,
Miss Doris Jones and Miss Louie
Douglas.

Mrs. Anderson was also the special
hostess of a tea on Friday at which
Mrs. Drummond Hogg entertained,
assisted by her new daughter-in-law,
Mrs. Fred Hogg, who with her
husband has just returned from the
honeymoon and, while preparing
their own residence are staying with
Mr. and Mrs. Drummond Hogg.—
Ottawa correspondent of Toronto
Saturday Night.

The following had the honor of
dining at Government House on
Thursday evening: Hon. A. C. Ruth-
erford, Hon. W. H. Cushing, Hon.
C. W. Fisher, His Lordship the
Bishop of St. Albert, A. J. Robert-
son, M.L.A., J. P. Macdellus,
M.L.A., J. E. Boyle, M.L.A., His
Worship Mayor Lee, Mr. Justice
Harvey, Dr. Tory, Prof. Brodus,
Mr. J. D. Hyndman, Rev. C. A.
Myers, and Mr. Babbitt.

The carnival to be held under the
auspices of the Willing Workers of
All Saints' Church on Friday, Jan.
29 at the Thistle Rink is being
eagerly looked forward to. The
success which the ladies have made
of the carnivals in other years is the
guarantee of character of that
which they are now undertak-
ing. In the advertising columns of
the Saturday News full particulars
regarding the event appear.

Miss Kathleen Pace, who has been
a much admired visitor to Van-
couver, the guest of her aunt and
uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Shesgreen,
returned to her home in Edmonton
on Thursday. Vancouver Saturday
Sunset.

The engagement is announced in
Montreal of Miss Caroline Mackay,
daughter of Senator and Mrs. Robert
Mackay, to Mr. Norman Wilson,
of Rockland, Ont. The marriage
will take place at the end of the
month. Miss Mackay has many
friends in Ottawa, having spent
some time with Lady Laurier last
winter. Ottawa Free Press.

The groom is a brother of Dr. W.
Wilson, Edmonton, and the bride
the sister of Mr. George B. Mackay
of Lethbridge.

The Fort Saskatchewan Reporter
says: "Rumor has it that one of the
Honorable, (there are two), of the
R.N.W.M.P. is liable to take a step
in the near future, which, we hope
will make two people happy for the
balance of their days."

Friends of Miss Cameron in Ed-
monton will read with some surprise
the following from the Chicago
Record Herald of Dec. 21 in which
a report of the proceedings of the
Franco-Memorial Association says:
"Mrs. Ada Bratton Boege, who was
to have spoken, was prevented from
attending by illness. In her place
appeared Rev. Agnes Cameron of
Victoria, Canada, who delivered a
message of cheer to the Associa-
tion."

Miss Cameron's decision to take
holy orders must have been arrived
at suddenly.

Among her "Ain Folk," and with
a large and fashionable audience to
inspire her, Miss Ethel Webster, but
recently returned from a course of
study under some of the most emi-
nent artists abroad, for the first
time on Wednesday evening gave
Edmontonians an opportunity of
judging what study under the best
masters can do for a girl.

As is not always the case the
masters won the best of the argu-
ment, for however fine an instrument
this talented girl possessed prior to
seeking instruction in the Old
Country, there can be no doubt that
had she remained quietly on in town,
a home prophet, she might have gone
quietly on for a life-time assisting at
this little school concert and con-
tributing a number at that. For
many reasons a course of training
abroad means everything to a girl
with ability. And when it means, as
in Miss Webster's case, that she can
come home again, and carry an
audience by storm, more than just-
ifying the faith her old friends had
in her, and winning new friends in
everyone within sound of her voice.

Then, as I said before, the com-
monplace of absence and study making
the heart grow fonder and capturing
the citadel of universal homage
sum up in its own best history her
own numbers particularly the third
suite, something it will be a joy to
me to remember, and that Mr.
Laurier's piano solo, Mr. Lau-
gourgue's accompaniments, and Mr.
Barford's piano solo were one and
all delightfully rendered.

Miss Webster herself was looking
wonderfully well, her gown of
golden coin net on a white pleated
chiffon foundation, made in a semi-
Director's style, with wide bias folds
of golden satin and a succession
of long crumpled soft knots of the same
setting off her splendid stage pres-
ence to perfection. A handsome
silver sequin and bird of paradise
ornament in her softly dressed
coiffure completed this handsome
toilette.

Among the audience I noticed the
party from Government House com-
posed of the Lieutenant-Governor
and Mrs. Bulyen, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs.
Constantine, Mrs. Clarke, Dennis,
Miss Babbitt, and Mrs. Clarke, the
ladies all beautifully frocked, Mr.
and Mrs. Miss Webster, Mrs.
Beck, Mrs. Donald McDonald, Dr.
and Mrs. James Egan, Mr. and
Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Wallbridge, Miss
Supple and Mr. Harry Evans, Mr.
and Mrs. Becher, Madame Cote,
Mrs. Bourcier, Mrs. Marshall, Miss
Ston-Thompson and Mr. Milroy,
Miss Forsythe, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph
Morris and a very great many others.
At the conclusion of the gramme a
very large number went on to the
Bachelors' dance in the
Separate School hall which had been
purposely set for the late hour so that
Miss Webster's host of admirers
might first have the opportunity of
attending her recital.

Mrs. McMahon was the hostess of
a jolly progressive euchre of four
tables on Friday evening, given for
that popular visitor, Miss Barker,
when the Fates played an odd joke
and awarded the prize to the
guest of honor, Mr. Beck being the
fortunate winner of the men's.

I see that Miss Mary Gray and Mr.
McBurn were married on Friday
last, and are away on their hone-
ymoon. On their return they will
take up their residence in Calgary
at Braemar Lodge.

Mrs. Cross' "tea" on Friday last,
given in honor of the members
wives and other visitors in the city,
was one of those enjoyable functions
where a charming hostess, delight-
ful surroundings, and sufficient space
in which to breathe and display
their very smartest chiffons, con-
spired to make those fortunate
enough to be present, vote it one of
the "very nicest" teas ever.

The occasion following close on
the heels of the opening of Parlia-
ment, gave a great many of the
visitors the first opportunity of
a sensible chat, to renew friendships
formed in other sessions, and afford
such residents of the Capitol as
were present, the chance of becom-
ing better acquainted with these
out-of-town women, whom we are

coming to know through their yearly
return to our midst.

Mrs. Cross received her guests in
the spacious reception room, which
was a delightful retreat on a very
cold day with its cheery grate fire
and softly-shaded electroliers, com-
posed of pink rose petals, trailing
vines, and pale green foliage. She
wore a charming French gown of
chambray broad-cloth and some
lovely jewels.

Here and there I noticed: Mrs. Bul-
yen wearing the exquisite velvet
frock so much admired at the Open-
ing; Mrs. Sifton in a smart blue
Rajah toilette and hat to correspond;
Mrs. Ruthford in rich brown
velvet and mink turban, with Ameri-
can Beauty roses; Mrs. Clarke
Dennis in a stunning crimson gown
trimmed with some handsome deep
cream lace, and an ultra fashionable
wide black satin hat with touches
of white; Mrs. Findlay in a rich
black lace frock over white taffeta
and large black hat; Mrs. Irving in
a very smart black and white silk
toilette, and handsome ermine and
Persian lamb fur; Mrs. Harvey in
a rich black silk frock with touches
of pink and some lovely lace, and
Mrs. Chas. Fisher, elegantly gowned
who brought her sister, Miss Powell,
Mrs. Sidney Wood, assisted in
looking after the comfort of the
guests and wore a beautiful gown
of shell pink taffeta, elaborately
trimmed with lace, which became her
wonderfully.

The polished mahogany table was
simply but effectively arranged with
a great vase of trailing fern and
Juncus lilies, on a centre piece of
billowy pink chiffon, the exquisite
china and gleaming silver showing
up beautifully against the fine back-
ground.

A bevy of young girls, Miss Stork,
Miss Babbitt, Miss Marjorie Brown
and Miss Alanson, passed the deli-
cious dainties, and Mrs. Turnbull
and Mrs. Ewing poured tea and
coffee. Lagourgue's orchestra
played beautifully during the after-
noon.

A large number of callers went out
to Mrs. O'Leary's first reception on
Wednesday, Mrs. Chas. Fisher being
another very busy hostess on that
afternoon.

The Misses Finn were the hostesses
of a merry young people's dance on
Tuesday evening.

The past week has been one eternal
rush so far as the gay world at the
Capitol is concerned. Teas, dinners,
dances, parties, teas, receptions. A
body needed not only street cars, but
a private coach and pair to do them
all. Mrs. Webster's and the Misses
Webster's reception at their com-
modious and beautifully situated new
home in the far and fashionable West
End, gathered a really tremendous
crowd, in any but these large
and well-laid-out rooms would have
been appalling. However, everyone
seemed determined, weather and
evening notwithstanding, to be present,
and despite the crowd it seemed pos-
sible to wait on everyone quite com-
fortably.

Mrs. Webster received her guests in
the west room, wearing a rich and
most becoming toilette of violet
figured silk, with heavy lace garni-
ture and yoke of softly tucked
chiffon. With her were her two
daughters, Miss Webster in such a
pretty white silk taffeta gown,
trimmed with some deep Cluny
insertion, and Miss Edith Webster
wearing a beautiful tiny-checked
old-rose silk toilette, the skirt
braided with narrow velvet bebe
ribbon and ornamented with buttons,
and the bodice with some exqui-
site Persian embroidery and lace.

Apparently this gifted girl has
sheals of friends in Edmonton,
everyone seemingly busy whispering
the nicest compliments and words of
welcome on her return.

Just prior to the guest departure
she very graciously consented to
sing, and chose that beautiful song
"Could I forget" as the number. In
the happiest manner she sat down
to the piano and sang the exquisite
words, and as the various little
coterie made their way to the car,
one and all agreed that if the song-
stress COULD forget, we couldn't,
and that Wednesday evening seemed
very far away for which to wait for
"more."

In the tea-room the table was
beautifully laid with an elaborate
Mexican drawn-work cloth and lit by
carnation-pink shaded candle lights,
the central ornament being a veri-
table shower of pink carnations and
fern. During the first hour Mrs.
D.S. Mackenzie and Mrs. Cooper
presided at the tea and coffee urns

Continued on page 5

Ladies New York Tailored Suits and Coats go on Sale Saturday Morning at Less than Half Price.

Saturday morning in connection with our JAN-
UARY ECONOMY SALE we are going to feature
Ladies New York Tailored Suits and Coats. These
will include the balance of our stock for the present
season. The very latest productions, and will be sold
at less than half price. Here are two leaders. There
will be many others equally low in price. Come early
for best choice.

Ladies New York Tailored Suits in fancy tweeds
and panamas, broadcloths, plain and diagonal serges,
etc., lined throughout with silk, nicely trimmed with
self straps and buttons, also satin trimmed, Directoire
styles, long tight fitting sleeves, beautifully tailored
garments in the newest and smartest styles. Regular
prices \$35.00, \$40.00 and \$45.00
Economy Sale Price, each \$16.75

Ladies New York Coats, all man tailored garments,
in double faced cloth, made with Prussian collars and
patch pockets, colors, blue, green, grey, fawn, navy
blue and black, very stylish coats. Regular prices \$30.00 and \$35.00
\$16.50
Sale price, each

The Acme Co., Ltd.

Corner Jasper Ave. and Second St.

We Guarantee
OUR
Rubber Goods
Hot Water Bottles from \$1 to \$3
But we have a
Special Bottle at \$2.50



Which we guarantee for Two Years. Nothing made any better.
Remember we guarantee them for Two Years from date of purchase.

EDMONTON DRUG CO. Ltd.
T. W. RICHARDSON
154 Jasper East. Phone 1550. **Morrow's old stand**

T. S. THOMPSON
Ladies' Wear 107 Jasper Ave. West

... ANNUAL ...
White Wear Sale

We have planned for larger business
than ever in this line. Such variety of
styles and lovely combinations of lace
and embroidery, while the got up is plain
and neat, which carry out the mark of
quality.

You will find every garment placed on
sale well worth your consideration.

T. S. THOMPSON
LADIES' WEAR 107 JASPER AVE. W.

For Chapped Hands and Face

Use the old reliable remedy

Sisson's Witch Hazel Cream

During the cold wintry weather you should
never be without it.

— WE MAKE IT —

SISSON'S DRUG STORE

Phone 1717 544 JASPER AVE. WEST Wize Block

JOHNSON & HUBBS
EDMONTON'S LEADING OPTICIANS
LENSES GRIND ON THE PREMISES
QUICK SERVICE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
129 JASPER AVE WEST